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MARCH 6, 1919.

WASHINGTON, TAFT AND WILSON AND THAT "DISENTANGLING" ALLIANCE

It seems incredible that anyone can be able to read the addresses in New York, Tuesday night, by former Pres't Taft, and his successor, and doubt longer the advisability of America, along with the rest of the world, adopting the League of Nations covenant.

And now after a four year war, with America drawn into it for a year and a half, the problem is to disentangle those alliances, and forbid them forever hereafter. The League of Nations covenant is the process that the delegates at the peace conference have seen fit to adopt.

It is former Pres't Taft's interpretation as well as that of Pres't Wilson. The two men stand together, regardless of difference of party, on this great League of Nations issue. It is gratifying too, that as against that "little group of wilful men" in the United States senate, who would have the world believe they know it all, and that they are capable of running the earth, the president goes back to France, not only reinforced by the voice and influence of his presidential predecessor, but of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, his latest presidential opponent, both of the same party as that to which the "little group" belongs.

So distinguishing is this fact that the "little" and "wilful" in the quotation from one of the president's old speeches might be reversed. It is a "wilful group of little men" that is seeking to block the League of Nations movement. The argument against the League of Nations, is indeed, dwindling more and more into "little man" talk with ornate stubbornness as its only excuse. It has come to a question of whether we are with the world or against it; whether we are to assume the role that Germany assumed in entering into the war, for the time has come when no nation can longer be against the rest of the world without the rest of the world being against it.

Those who advocate a return to old fashioned American isolation are willing, it seems, to let the rest of the world go to the dogs, provided America remains safe. The trouble is, that if the rest of the world goes to the dogs America will not remain safe. For good or ill, the world now and henceforth is all bound up together. The present war should be enough evidence to any clear-headed man "entangling alliances" that affect one nation are likely to affect all. Washington said: "Beware of entangling alliances."

If the United States does not play its part—a manly part—in the reconstruction of the world, the rest of the world may actually go to the dogs. Chaos in Europe and elsewhere would be infinitely more costly and disastrous to America than any expense and danger we might incur in cooperating with Europe to establish a new order. And whether in chaos or order, a Europe that is not with us, hereafter, will certainly be against us. If we refuse now to play a consistent part, making good our promises, we shall have the enmity of all the world instead of the world's friendship. If the other powers succeeded in setting up their own League of Nations after we pulled out, that league would be a league against America.

That would mean that the United States would have to arm against the whole world. Is that what the opponents of the present league plan want?

SEN. LODGE'S DEMAGOGIC DODGE.

Efforts of Sen. Lodge to excuse the republicans in the senate for its failure to pass the emergency appropriation bill, and other measures essential to the government's reconstruction plans, by asserting now that the filibuster that talked the 65th congress to death cannot be charged against the party, but only the individuals indulging in it, are demagogic and demagogic only. Those measures have been before congress, even the senate for weeks, and should have occupied the attention of the law makers during many hours, devoted not to the needs of the country, but to partisan lambasting of the president, the League of Nations, and pretty much everything save what was the senate's business.

Sen. Lodge's resolution of Monday night, condemning the League of Nations—"in its present form"—was as much a waste of time, and a part of the filibuster, as was the four-hour speech by Sen. Sherman, the

tail, lanky, sawky and brainless capitalistic anarchist from Illinois. The filibuster was the windup of a well-laid plan to force the president to call an extra session of congress, to keep him away from France a few days longer, and then leave that congress, majority republican, to ravish the nation with hamperings of his administration during his absence. To the credit of the president, the filibuster has failed at least to that extent. If the country suffers depression by the senate's action no one can be more to blame than Henry Cabot Lodge through whose cooperation these important measures were held up to the last minute where filibuster was possible to kill them.

As it now stands the railroads may be thrown back upon their owners, perhaps in the course of a month, the government being without the finances to longer handle them. If the country suffers, the consequences will be for Sen. Lodge and others of his ilk to face. Had we had more getting down to business, and less political chicanery from his side of the senate chamber, the government's affairs might have been attended to, and congress adjourned long ago. The president by refusing to call an extra session has again outwitted the ingenious Massachusetts politician. In continuing his wrangling against the League of Nations, he with his brace of "obstructionists," will have to talk to the people on that subject, not from under an official cloak as they have been doing, but directly, taking their even chance through the columns of the press and otherwise, with former Pres't Taft, Charles Evans Hughes, Theodore E. Burton and others, who are supporting the president and the peace league.

It was a clumsy bit of maneuvering in which the senate republicans indulged, pushing their bluff to the adjournment of the session, with their work undone, with any such imagining that the president was bluffing, and that his bluff was being called. Eventually maybe, these bright gentlemen will learn that in such times as these, the government business is really of more importance than the next presidential campaign, particularly from any partisan standpoint. There are bigger things going on in the world than the manufacture of shoddy campaign material, and in which the American people, and American business, are much more concerned. The failure of congress to provide the legislation, essential to the government's policy of reconstruction, merely to force an extra session, is failure on the hands of Sen. Lodge and his super-partisan "compatriots," and the American people will understand.

Most folks hope congress won't repeal that daylight-saving law. At the same time, it's nothing to get wildly excited about. Anybody who really wants to save daylight can accumulate a good deal of it without any help from congress.

Looks as if those senators will talk the League of Nations into life by talking themselves to death.

Pres't Ebert, with his million marks a year, is one German who might honestly be called a man of mark.

Other Editors Than Ours

THE FRENCH AND WILSON. (Indiana Daily Times.)

Efforts of republican propagandists to discredit Pres't Wilson with the French are not very highly appreciated by the soldiers "over there," according to an editorial in the Feb. 1 issue of Plane News, an army newspaper published by the active service men in Paris.

A copy of this issue has been sent to James E. Doery, an Indianapolis attorney, by John C. McCarthy, a printer, formerly employed with a local newspaper, but now in France, in an editorial under the title, "The Commander-in-Chief of Our Army and Navy," Plane News says: "It is regretted that during these days when the eyes of the world are fixed upon our president that there should be some of his compatriots so inspired by their own political ambitions that they should attack and attempt to misrepresent the ideals of Mr. Wilson. The most regrettable feature of these flamboyant criticisms is that they find their way to France, and thus misrepresent to the French the attitude of the American nation."

"We have particular reference to the articles which appear in the Echo de Paris under the signature of Welliver. These writeups cabled from New York give to the average Frenchman, ignorant of our political situation, the impression that the American people as a whole are opposed to our president's policy, and that Sen. Lodge and various adherents of the republican party are the true supporters of France in America. It is only natural that the Frenchman should adhere to that party whose sentiments he believes to be the most Francophile. As soon as the French believe that the American people are not backing Wilson it is not long before their own loyalty is weakened by this propaganda. It is sincerely believed that Woodrow Wilson has from the beginning sought to interpret the ideals for which we have fought. As upholders of his ideals, let us resent any slanderous attacks against the one man who had the courage to put his peace terms into concrete articles.

"Following our general policy of refraining from politics we have not touched subjects such as these, but after seeing what the effect of such persistent, insidious propaganda, through which we ourselves could see, might have upon our French friends, whose credence we know so well, we step to the defense of our commander-in-chief of the army and navy, knowing how disgusting it all is to the service."

INDIANA AND THE WORLD. (Indiana Daily Times.)

Nobody who knows Indiana doubts her patriotism for one minute. But people who do not know Indiana may be wondering where this state stands on a lot of important issues just at this time.

The state's reputation has been saved by a hairsbreadth by the belated passage yesterday of the McCray anti-German bill. But that was only what a legislature would be expected to do and the surprise to the rest of the United States is that there should have been any hesitancy about it.

In some other matters, however, the sister states of the Union are wondering how we stand. The only way many other states have of judging us is by the acts of our governor. Governors of Illinois, Ohio and other neighbor states have expressed surprise that Indiana's governor never made any recommendation about what ought to be done with the German language in schools. That surprise was intensified in view of the fact that the state council of defense long ago made a recommendation that German be abolished.

The large thing in which the governor of Indiana has kept silent as the Sphinx is the nation's attitude toward readjustment—internally and internationally. The governor is making no effort and showing no interest in aiding the soldiers who have come back from the war. The rest of the country would like to know, too, what support Gov. Goodrich is giving or intends to give to the president in his efforts to mend a broken world permanently. Former Pres't Taft is with the president and none can dispute his republicanism. But Taft is a man who can be a good republican and a good American as well.

It will be interesting, after the present legislature becomes the recent legislature, to look over its work and see how much constructive legislation was enacted and how much of it was recommended by Gov. James P. Goodrich.

The Melting Pot COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US

There was an absence of mushy, mushy sentiment in the general makeup of the boys from this great and glorious nation who went across to help in making the world safe for democracy, and there was a total lack among the boys from the U. S. A. of this thing of wearing their hearts on their sleeves.

If the boys shed tears at leaving their beloved ones when they started on their way across, they hid their faces so that the tears could not be seen. Yet there was no lack of love for the ones at home. It was just the American abhorrence of mushy, mushy stuff, and after the boys got across, and missed their friends and loved ones, they did not take to the French fashion of kissing each other on both cheeks as a form of salutation. And they did not fall on each other's shoulders and weep and parting over there any more than they did over here.

To illustrate: One day two detachments met in a French seaport. One detachment was to embark for America, while the other was to go toward the German border. In one detachment was Bill Armstrong and in the other Louis Wolf, both South Bend boys.

In the army, we are told, soldiers when in line of march or standing at attention, which ever one it is, are not allowed to hardly move their eyes, much less converse with one another. Bill Armstrong saw Louis Wolf out of the corner of his eye, and Louis Wolf caught Bill Armstrong in the same covert manner. It was against the rules for either of them to speak, although the detachments were drawn up in such a manner that the two South Bend boys almost rubbed elbows.

"Go take a jump in the ocean, you big shrimp," came the farewell of Bill Armstrong to his fellow townsman, although he knew Louis was about to embark for the U. S. A., and he also knew that he could not address him and obey the rules of the game of war. The farewell came in a whisper from Bill's mouth corner nearest to Louis.

"Aw, go butt your head against a tree, you big lobster," came back the whispered farewell from the corner of Louis Wolf's mouth, and reaching the ear of Bill Armstrong. Then came a command from the officers of the detachments, and the two friends were separated, one sailing for home and the other leaving for some French camp.

The next meeting of the two South Bend boys occurred the other night. It took place in the newsroom of The News-Times, and their greetings, while not quite like their farewells, were as free of mushy, mushy sentiment as the farewells were.

"Hello, Louie," replied Bill Armstrong, extending his hand.

"Hello, Bill," replied Louis, grasping the extended palm.

That was all. The two boys acted as if it had only been a few days since they had met. And this does not mean that neither of them is devoid of feeling, but it does mean that they knew that the other knew the innermost feeling of the other's heart, and that there was no particular need to let the world in on the secret. C. J. C.

WE ALL HAVE TROUBLES.

Bill Johnson was a blue young man; Grim trouble had him down. He gazed out through his window with

A deep and worried frown. "Ah! there's a cat," he muttered low.

"She has no earthly woes." Just then a brick came through the air

And caught her on the nose. Bill saw a dog. "Ah, me!" he sighed.

"How car-free he must be! Too bad I wasn't born a dog. With naught to trouble me, To have no burdens on one's brain. Must be extremely nice."

Just then a cranky man came up And kicked the canine twice.

Bill Johnson took a brace at once And forced away his frown. He saw he hadn't cornered all The hard luck in the town. And there's the lesson I have tried To teach you, reader dear: We all have woes as bad as yours; Forget 'em—do you hear? —Bide Dudley.

Great Temptation. (Owensboro Messenger.)

It is quite unnecessary to say that the farmers of Kentucky are preparing this year to raise the largest tobacco crop in all history. Present prices are a great temptation, but we can all remember what overproduction did for tobacco growers in the recent past.

Enforced Tithing. (Hartford Herald.)

The Rev. Mr. Taylor's church members were fined for attending church against the board of health's orders, fines ranging from \$5 to \$50 each. Rather an enforced tithing for the Lord.

Puzzling Question. (Lexington Herald.)

Kansas having ruled out all languages except English, the question that naturally arises is how in the dickens is Kansas going to make herself understood?

Chums That are too Chummy

By Ada Patterson.

They pass my window every day. The maid who dusts my books says: "Them two girls are grate fr-ends, inum. Gr-ate fr-ends. You never see the one without the other."

I am glad to hear it. Friendship is a beautiful thing. But I wonder if those bright faced girls who pass my window every day are not over emphasizing that "Gr-ate friendship" a bit. Many of life's discords and errors are due to over emphasis.

Emphasize a word too much and you throw a sentence out of balance. You convey a meaning you had not intended. Over emphasize a color in the trimming of your new fall gown and you will make the gown disproportionate. You will mar its beauty for you will disturb its balance. Place too much emphasis upon your praise of someone and you will embarrass him and stir in him a question of your sincerity. Over emphasize your assertions and the listener becomes antagonistic. He wants to say "I don't believe it" or "Shut up."

The girls are passing my window now, slim, trim, tailored, wearing the little black velvet hats that are today's word in smartness. Yes, they are over emphasizing their friendship. If the taller one should pass with the girl in the long cloak and the broad-brimmed hat, and the shorter one should occasionally hurry past with the girl in the striped silk cap to the yawning mouth of the subway, it might be much better.

Life is varied. If it has not enough of variety one becomes insane. Remember the farmers' wives in the asylums for unbalanced minds. Lamb said we must have books, music, pictures, whimsies. Our food must vary or we will become ill. And so of our friendships.

A friendship that has stood the stress of life and the strain of time is something to be venerated. It is strong and holy. But even so great a friendship is not enough for any one.

Our friendships are a bouquet of different kinds of flowers. That friend of whom we say "She is always the same" is a sturdy flower. A musician or an actor or one of the many colored straw flowers. She has abundant hair, a natural complexion and wide, strong shoulders. She wears a durable skirt and jacket and stout, common sense shoes, and a hat that the weather won't spoil. Her name is Mary. We say "You can depend upon Mary." But fine and dependable as Mary is one can have too much of her.

Camouflage it as much as you will, in these moments when you stand face to face with truth you know that she is a little stolid. You know that she is tiresomely unimaginative. You have moods when Mary's matter-of-factness palls.

At these times don't snub Mary. Don't hurt her by a hint that she is getting on your nerves. Put on your hat and go over and have a cup of tea with your orchid friend. Beautiful, scentless, exquisite and perishable, is the orchid friend. She feeds the sense of beauty. She is the triumph of artifice. She is proof of how much art may do to embellish nature. She is as delicate as a chiffon veil, but as alluring. Put her in your bouquet of friendship besides the margold.

We tire of the flaunting facts of life. Strident folk jar our nerves. Assertive folk irritate us. In these moods we long for our violet friends. Gentle, unobtrusive, softly lovely, creators of the quiet ways of life, they are.

Sometimes we tire of the glare and glitter of life. We are sick of its vain show. Our feet, struggling and weary, crush something. What is that sweetly strong fragrance? Mignonette, lowly and pungent, of homely beauty. Now gladly we gaze upon it for our bouquet! That inpretentious "home woman" who orders well her household, who knows not the brilliant actress, nor the efficient business woman, nor the dreaming poetess, she is the mignonette of our bouquet of friendship. Pluck her by all means. How incomplete would be our bouquet of friendship without her!

That green, trailing vine with its shining leaves, makes no claim to flowers-like beauty. But what a background it is for the glowing flowers we mass against it. It, too, has its place in the bouquet of friendship. It is the commonplace person, of commonplace virtues, the wholesome friend, unoriginal but over green. Let us have her too, for her friendship for us may survive when all the others have faded. Prize such flower for its peculiar beauty. Esteem each friend for his or her special worth. But gather a bouquet that your moods and your views and your life be not small and narrow.

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